

HOPPE'S VIEWS  
ON BILLIARDS

## BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

EDITED BY  
ROBERT EDGREN

## GUERNSEY'S FIELD GOALS GAVE YALE EARLY LEAD

61,000 SEE YALE START  
BATTLE AGAINST PRINCETON  
FULL OF BULLDOG GRITWhat Yale and Princeton Teams  
Have Done So Far This Season

Princeton	13	Georgetown	0	Yale	37	Maine	0
Princeton	10	Rutgers	0	Yale	0	Virginia	10
Princeton	3	Syracuse	0	Yale	7	Lehigh	6
Princeton	40	Lafayette	3	Yale	10	Springfield	6
Princeton	10	Dartmouth	0	Yale	7	Wash. & Jeff.	16
Princeton	27	Williams	0	Yale	0	Colgate	16
Princeton	6	Harvard	10	Yale	0	Brown	3
Total	129	Total	20	Total	70	Total	60

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

YALE BOWL, NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 13.

Bull dog, bull dog, bow, wow, wow.  
Bull dog, bull dog, bow, wow, wow.  
Our team can never fall.  
When the Sons of Eli break thro' the lines,  
Bull dog, bull dog, bow, wow, wow.

That was the marching song of the Yale thousands as they gathered around Yale Bowl this afternoon. In spite of the overwhelming confidence of the visiting Tigers, Yale wasn't lacking in the good old Yale fighting spirit. There was no sign of despondency in New Haven.

All along the line of the march out of Chapel Street thousands of blue flags fluttered. Every house had its Yale banner fluttering from the flag pole. Yale Blue was everywhere. Yet the Orange and Black showed, too, especially in pennants flying from thousands of autos that rolled into New Haven over the roads from the south. Sixty-one thousand people saw this game, and many thousands of these came by auto. In fact, so many took the gasoline route that the long special trains from New York left the Grand Central only half filled.

55,000 TICKETS SOLD LONG BEFORE GAME STARTED.

Fifty-five thousand tickets were sold in advance. The remaining six thousand were put on sale at the entrance gates. They were snapped up in the first rush, which came at 1 o'clock. At that hour thousands of machines were parked in the fields around the Bowl. The street cars were already beginning to crawl out with every seat filled and people standing on the running boards. Thousands stood around the entrance gates, patiently waiting for them to open.

Inside the huge bowl the scene was one long to be remembered. Overhead was a sky of turquoise blue. There wasn't a cloud in sight. Only along the horizon was there the slightest trace of autumnal haze.

North and east rose the great rocky cliffs famous in New England history as the hiding place of the Regicides. In the clear, bracing air the cliffs seemed only a hundred yards away, instead of miles.

A sharp northwest wind blew, making the great Yale and Princeton banners stand straight out and snap merrily.

With the opening of the gates came the first rush of spectators. Inside the huge bowl the terraced sides are covered with wooden seats. The front rows are varnished—those sloping up to the top are gray.

At first the newly arrived spectators were scattered through the wide flung stands in lovely little groups, mere specks of black in the gray expanse. But soon solid streams came pouring through the scores of tunnel-mouths opening into the stands.

The color of the bowl slowly changed. Its desert gray became a great, moving, fluttering bed of light blue and orange on a background of black.

On the west bank were thousands of white cotton handkerchiefs tied to the back of the seats, ready for use by the rosters. The handkerchiefs were arranged so that when waved they would form a huge Y-A-L-E most plainly discernible from the Princeton rosters' section across the way.

Tigers Come Out On Field First.

At 1:20 a cheer suddenly swept the bowl. The Tigers, all in moleskins and black and yellow sweaters and stockings, came out through a black tunnel entrance from the dressing rooms. For a moment, as they emerged into the brilliant sunshine, they drew together, then quickly scattered and rushing out upon the field began going through the usual warming up practice, testing the turf, getting the "feel" of the place, trying the wind and currents. Driggs took a ball and for several minutes sent it spinning up and down the field in long, twisting spirals. A few minutes of action and the Tigers trotted off again and they were ready for their first game in the bowl.

A line of long blue megaphones decorated the space below the Yale stands. As Yale stopped the Princeton band across the way broke in with a lively college air. And all the time the crowd in the great bowl grew. A quarter of two, and except for two or three small bare spots the field was a mass of shifting color.

A swirl at one side and all the Yale team in clean blue jerseys, Yale rosters roared a welcome. There was a gling of Yale cheer for Wilson, followed by a complimentary cheer for Glick. Such is modern civilization on the college football field. Princeton cheered back; then Yale cut out the compliment and sang a fight song: "Fight, fight for Yale, the sons of Eli are out for glory; on to the fray, we'll tell to Princeton the same old story. The cry is on, on they come. We'll raise the slogan of Yale triumphant; Smash! Smash! We'll rip old Princeton; Whooop it up for Yale to-day."

While Yale was singing the Princeton rosters sent up a tremendous cheer that drowned out the song and the Yale team came rushing out on the field again for a final practice. The two teams were ready for the battle. Glick and Wilson tossed the football coin for position. Princeton won and chose the north goal with the favoring wind.

## Fistic News and Gossip

By John Pollock

Unless present plans fall through, Jim Coffey, the Irish heavyweight, and Gunboat Smith will meet in the main bout of ten rounds at the next big boxing show to be held in Madison Square Garden either on the night of Nov. 25 or Nov. 29. Billy Gibson, matchmaker of the Garden has been seriously thinking of staging this bout, and the fact that Jim Hickey, manager of Smith, made the announcement in St. Louis a few days ago that he had received a telegram from the Garden officials offering Smith the bout with Coffey, makes the match all the more certain.

Johnny Ertle, who showed himself to be a real fighter by the lacing he handed Abe Friedman, in grand condition for his go with Young Heiberg at the Belmont A. C. in Brooklyn next Monday night. It should be a great fight, as Heiberg is game and is a stiff puncher. Ertle is to receive a guarantee of \$800 with the privilege of accepting 50 per cent. of the receipts.

At Lappe, who handles the affairs of Jeff Smith, the champion, N. J. middleweight, who recently returned from Australia, declined early today that he has matched Smith to fight Mike Gibbons for ten rounds at the Capital City A. C. of St. Paul early in December. Lappe says that Smith is to receive a guarantee of \$1,500, with the option of 50 per cent. of the receipts.

The Fairmount A. C. of the Bronx has an attractive card of three ten-round bouts for its boxing show tonight. Benny Leonard, who is one of the most promising lightweights in the profession, will meet Benny Sharp in the main event. In the other two rounds, Angelo Sotgiu

TIGERS WERE ONE AHEAD  
WITH GAME HALF OVER

(Continued from First Page.)

Then the whistle blew for the end of the first quarter. No score.

**SECOND PERIOD.**

The teams changed ends. Yale had the north, with the wind behind. Guernsey immediately punted down to the Princeton 40-yard line. Shea wriggled back, dodging from right to left, and earned nine and a half yards. Driggs put it over for the down. At the instant the teams lined up, Driggs shot through Yale's left wing and zigzagged for twenty-three yards. Glick fumbled, but recovered the ball, and Shea was thrown for loss before he could make a forward pass. Nostrand pushed the ball for another yard for first down. Yale failed on a forward pass. Then came the action of the day.

The teams lined up and Guernsey, standing on the fifty-yard line, held out his hands for the ball. He caught it as it was passed off and dropping it very deliberately drove it toward the Princeton line. In a long, low drive that barely went over the heads of the struggling line in front of them. It looked as though the ball would be kicked out of bounds, but travelling with no appreciable drop it struck the cross bar and bounded over. It was one of the most beautiful drives ever made on any gridiron. SCORE, YALE 3, PRINCETON 0.

Princeton kicked off and Wilson ran the ball back twenty-five yards. He almost got clear and for a moment it looked as though Yale would score a touchdown as well as a field goal.

**BROWN DIDN'T REPORT AND TIGERS WERE PENALIZED.**

Brown was penalized 15 yards. Princeton was penalized 15 yards because he failed to report to the referee. This put Yale down to strike. Driggs kicked a 20-yard field goal. Guernsey dropped-kicked eight yards and scored. YALE 6, PRINCETON 0.

For a moment a tremendous cheer swept over the Yale stands and the Blue rosters began to sing the Underdog's song.

More work for the undertaker. Another little job for the casket-maker. In the local cemetery they are very busy on a brand-new grave!

No hope for Princeton! Parlett kicked off to Wilson. A holding penalty left Yale with the ball on their own two-yard line. Guernsey kicked a 20-yard field goal. Princeton started with the ball and carried it to Yale's twenty-four yard line before he was forced out of bounds. Shea cheered Yale's right for eight yards. Glick made ten yards through centre but Princeton was penalized fifteen yards for holding. A short forward pass regained eight yards of the lost ground. But another forward pass was fumbled by Morice. On the fourth down Driggs dropped the ball. A series of rushes by Princeton failed to move the ball. Tibbott made a forward pass to Glick who went around Yale's left and made the down. It was Princeton's last on Yale's eleven yard line. Shea shot through for six yards. Glick jumped through for another yard.

Glick's next try left Princeton only a foot to go to make the down. The next rush was held by Yale but Glick got through for enough to make first down and lay it two feet from the goal line. Yale had magnificent momentum, and when the mass of blue and orange sweaters was disentan-

gled the ball lay within a foot of the goal line. Again Yale held desperately, the Princeton gain this time being only six inches. Then came the last furious Tiger assault and Glick had the honor of carrying the ball over and scoring by a scant foot. Tibbott kicked the goal, and the score became PRINCETON 7, YALE 6.

All the gloom disappeared from the Princeton stands; cheer after cheer roared across the bowl to where the Yale rosters sat in silence.

The teams lined up quickly and Parlett kicked off into the hands of Black on Yale's 20-yard line. Black came rushing back through the Princeton tacklers, hurling them aside like a charging bull. He got back to Yale's 44-yard line. Wilson was hurt. Yale took 12 yards on a short forward pass and Princeton was penalized 15 yards for unnecessary roughness. Guernsey missed a field goal from the 35-yard line. Princeton had just put the ball in play when the whistle blew. End first half. Score—PRINCETON, 7; YALE, 6.

How Tiger and Yale Teams  
Line Up, Man Against Man

PRINCETON.	Wgt.	Ht.	Position.	Ht.	Wgt.	YALE.	Player.
Highley	158	5.11	Left End	5.09	188	Wiedeman	
McLean	181	6.00	Left Tackle	6.00	185	Way	
Nourse	190	6.05	Left Guard	6.00	179	J. Sheldon	
Gennert	181	6.00	Centre	6.00	180	White	
Hogg	196	6.02	Right Guard	6.00	210	Black	
Parlette	190	6.01	Right Tackle	6.00	170	Gates	
Lamberton	178	6.00	Right End	5.10	162	Church	
Glick	180	5.09	Quarter	5.10	160	Van Nostrand	
Shea	170	5.11	Left Half	5.10	165	Bingham	
Tibbott	180	5.11	Right Half	6.00	181	Wilson	
Driggs	170	6.00	Full Back	6.00	189	Guernsey	

Perfect Control in Wrist  
Muscles Is Main Thing  
In Billiards, Says Hoppe

Good Eye for Measuring Distance and Speed Is Also Necessary—Youthful Champion Considers Draw Shot the Most Valuable to Player.

**By Boseman Bulger.**

ACCORDING to Willie Hoppe, the wizard of all wizards at billiards, the difference between a good player and a bad player is all the difference in control of the more delicate muscles of the wrist.

"Of course," says Hoppe, "a man must have a perfect eye for measuring distance and speed, but nearly all players out of the shortstop class have that. The main thing is the muscular control in the wrist."

"I'll tell you, though, why a lot of our expert players lose matches," said Jack Doyle, who is so modest, and right here is probably the secret of Hoppe's many victories. "They get careless. All of the good players have the same form, but most of them have a tendency to grow careless on easy shots. I have seen dozens of important matches lost just that way. Hoppe noticed that when a kid, and has made a point of never taking a shot easy if the balls are but two inches apart. He changes his stance on every shot, even if the balls do not move more than one quarter of an inch. Very few other players do that, and lose through carelessness."

Hoppe agreed with this. That study of being careful has been his method of winning matches, but in the plain matter of skill he admits that he doesn't know just why he is a better billiard player than anybody else.

"I have been playing the game ever since I can remember," he says, "and that may have a lot to do with it, but there are many number of players who have been doing the same thing. Yes, and the first thing you know, one of these youngsters will come along and beat me."

Hoppe, still a young man, is just as modest about his continued success at the game of billiards as he was ten years ago, when he came back from France after winning the championship from Vignaux. At that time he was just out of knee pants and was just getting accustomed to playing from the floor instead of standing on a stool.

BARTFIELD BEATEN BY  
MIKE O'DOWD IN ST. PAUL.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 13.—Mike O'Dowd of St. Paul won a clean-cut decision over Bartfield at the Hudson Arena last night. O'Dowd had eight of the ten rounds, one was a draw and the other was a draw. Bartfield's lead was so great that Dan McKetrick admitted his man was defeated. O'Dowd grew better in the closing rounds. The soldier fought gamely and was always dangerous, but he was outboxed and outpunched and more than once in the closing rounds Bartfield hung on to avoid punishment.

Chelsea vs. Imperials.

The Chelsea A. C. football team will travel to Elm Park, S. I., tomorrow and play the Imperials. The Chelseas have Nov. 21 and 23 open for teams offering inducements. W. J. (Speedy) Reedy of No. 24 Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, is managing the eleven.

Swedish Wrestler Held  
Champion Aberg to Draw

Johnson, Practically Unknown, Created Sensation in International Tournament—Riot Is Nearly Caused by Impromptu Match.

THERE is a new star shining today in the wrestling world. He is Helmar Johnson of Sweden, who accomplished the greatest feat of any wrestler in the country by wrestling to a twenty-minute draw with the world's Graeco-Roman champion, Alex Aberg, in the tourney at the Manhattan Opera House last night.

Johnson has never before been considered a big star in the mat game. Nobody figured that he had a chance against such cracks as Roller, Cutler, Zhyzsko, Aberg and others.

But, as always is the case, it is the unexpected that happens in wrestling, as it does in boxing and other sports.

No clever did Johnson prove himself against Aberg that he will now have to be seriously reckoned in the fight for the title.

Nobody before, except Zhyzsko, has been able to earn even a draw with Aberg. Zhyzsko wrestled over four hours to a draw with him in the final of the tourney last spring. At the end of the second bout, when Dimitrios Tofalos, the Greek, champion strong man of the world, had bounced Ludwig Rees of Germany all around the stage, Ivan Lihov, the "Cossack," stepped from his observation post in the wings and invited him to juggle with some one of his size. The referee, George Bothner, but not so the audience, which insisted upon acceptance of the challenge.

After a near riot the management yielded to the audience, and the Greek and the Cossack went to the mat. They battled for twenty minutes without any other result than having missed each other up a bit, and the bout, under the rules of the game, was declared a draw.

The results of the other bouts:

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Brooklyn (Thompson) At 10:30 vs. Zulu Kili.  
Hanson vs. H. H. H. vs. H. H. H. vs. H. H. H.  
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

Grand Central—R. Veen, 233, and Joe Soriano, 215.  
Bronx Palace—White, 245.

Eddie Menasse leads the Park Row aspirants with an average of 229 for his best ten games to date.